



# Memo to me--



Chaz

 [cvillette](#)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/2007-12-21> 15:34:00

**MOOD:** 😊 cheerful

**MUSIC:** You're a Mean One, Mr. Grinch

If Hafidha's parents will let me in the kitchen, make these muffins for them. (<http://cristalia.livejournal.com/95806.html>).

And maybe these sweet buns, too. (<http://stillsotranger.livejournal.com/391851.html>).

Think they'll let me pay my room and board with baked goods?  
(OMG, I'm going to Hawaii tomorrow.)

Also, I really need to find something to do with all this candied pumelo rind I made last summer. It's been in the freezer forever. I wonder what candied pumelo rind is good for. Oh, and I have to water the Cuban oregano before I go away. I bet if I seal it in a giant ziplock freezer bag it will make its own little greenhouse and be happy.

...This is a pretty good life I have here.

How did I wind up with such a nice life?

**TAGS:** [recipes](#): [not mine](#)



[locked] [Dream Journal](#)


All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

[Elvis doesn't live here anymore.](#)

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

[Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.](#)




 [trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 04:11:48 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

So how'd it go?



 [cvillette](#)


[December 22 2007, 04:12:49 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

You're not a profiler. You're a creepy psychic. She \*just\* went home. I am packing.

Where did I put my trunks?

(Rave reviews, since you ask.)




 [trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 04:13:06 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

Of the tagine, or the...?




 [cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 04:13:26 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

I got a whole can of dignified silence right here, man.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 05:41:47 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

You shouldn't just let girls use you for your culinary skills, man. It cheapens the relationship.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 05:42:18 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

Hush, you.

I like girls. I like cooking.

Where's the bad?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 22 2007, 05:59:56 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

Dangerous proliferation of blues euphemisms?

("Hey, baby, wanna lick the beaters?")

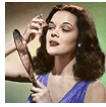


 [cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 14:55:11 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

Okay, unforeseen benefit of going distant places with The Wabbit: a guy can check his email on the plane.

(Hey, baby, want a little sugar on that?)



[Ometotchtli](#)

[December 22 2007, 14:55:44 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Need a little sausage in your gravy, darlin'?



[cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 15:00:39 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

How about some crumble on your blackberries?



[trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:03:44 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Eeeeeek! No, no, that sounds painful! (Or are you trying to prove that not EVERYTHING can be a blues euphemism?)



[cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:04:40 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Outdoing that sausage metaphor took a whole new level of OTT.



[trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:16:04 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Once you reach the point of sausage, man, you're in the realm of WMDs, euphemistically speaking.



[cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:18:00 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

could have gone with the hot dog in one's roll, but Bessie Smith got there first.

(How about you spread that butter around, honey?)



[trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:35:44 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

\*snort\*

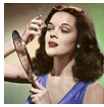


[trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 06:02:10 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

This is not the time for a cannibal joke, is it?



[Ometotchtli](#)

[December 22 2007, 14:50:59 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

It's \*always\* time for a cannibal joke.



[cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 15:01:24 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

It's \*never\* time for a cannibal joke.

Airplanes are booooooring.

\*bounces\*

Oh, crap, here comes the flight attendant. \*hides\*



[trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:04:54 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, no, why are you afraid of the flight attendant?

Wabbit, you were supposed to look after the Platypus!



[cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:07:49 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Worried she might (a) notice that the adorable overhyped phone is not on "airplane mode" or (b) wonder why we actually need three pounds of GORP for a three-hour flight.

We are in Cali now, however, on our layover. When do you leave for vert-mont (the Green Mountain Tautology?)?



[trollcatz](#)


[December 22 2007, 16:14:34 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Tomorrow morning. T's wrapping all the presents she's (ahem) obviously not bringing to distribute to family since they agreed five years ago not to exchange gifts at Christmas. (According to her, that means that they now give each other presents just the way they used to; they just look embarrassed about it now. Apparently it adds a whole 'nother level of entertainment to the gift-giving. I may be bound for a houseful of loooons.)

Oh, did I tell you guys about the cousins? T has four cousins who usually show up for Xmas. Wow. Potential for big noisy Xmas thing. Guess I had to get used to it someday... \*g\*



 [cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:16:43 UTC](#)


[COLLAPSE](#)

Is T an only?

That would be creepy, if all four of us were.

It sounds like T's mom's house is a good house to be in on Xmas. How many siblings does T's mom have?



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:30:59 UTC](#)

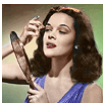
[COLLAPSE](#)

She's got a brother who moved to Germany (his wife's German); they visited this summer, so no Xmas trip. She had a younger brother, but he died of leukemia at 12.

T's mom has two sisters who've both moved to Phoenix (gah!) and refuse to come back to Vermont in winter (!). Her dad's brother still lives in V'mont, but he's very hermit-y. Thus, his daughter descends on T's mom's house for holidays.

That's one cousin. The other three are mom's sister Barbara's kids, 2 male, 1 female, 2 in Burlington, 1 in Montpelier, and I can't remember which ones are where. Oh, god, I need a study guide.

Oh, and T says the cousins have kids, some of which will be there. Nametags. I need them to wear nametags.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:32:14 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

They probably all look alike, too.

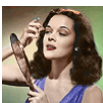


 [trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:36:34 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

GAAAH! NOT HELPING!



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:37:34 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

;-)



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:33:49 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, and I came to only-child hood relatively late in life. Didn't I tell you this? Huh. My brother died in a car wreck when I was a teenager. After that, just my father and me. Quieter Xmas, no nametags.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:36:14 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

...

I didn't know.

I'm sorry.

It was just me and my mom (and Mrs. Korolenko) when I was a kid, and then after mom died, you know, foster family of the month club. Big noise Christmas sounds a little scary. But maybe attractive.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:46:33 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Not a big. It was a long time ago, and yeah, sometimes I remember stuff and feel a little wistful. But OMG he could also be a jerk. You know, human.

If he'd lived, he'd prob'ly be a neocon now. And I'd want to kick him. Hee.

Well, I will test drive this model of Christmas and tell you how it works. You guys test out the tropical paradise thing and report back. Fact-finding missions!



 [cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:51:19 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I'm making 0 type the report.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 17:41:44 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Look, Mom! No hands!



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:30:33 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Also, because Platypus does not sit still well. It is good I got him an aisle seat. He's not kidding about the bouncing.

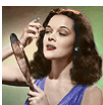


 [trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:34:46 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Ye gods! On the Hawaii leg, find him a WoW game or something! \*g\*



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:39:09 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Where did I put that rohypnol?

Funny thing is I think she pegged him as a nervous flyer. And she was trying to be comforting.

I wanted to tell her that he's only worried about the plane because he doesn't have a parachute.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:39:52 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Still right here!



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:48:15 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Quiet, you. It's rude to interrupt when people are talking about you ~~behind your back~~ on your electronic device.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:50:05 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

LOL!

If he seems inclined to tow a flight attendant home, I trust you to vette her first. \*g\*



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 22 2007, 05:12:53 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Dude,

- 1) Houseguests are not expected to pay anything for room and board. Okay, maybe some expectation of entertainment value. Otherwise, you know, that's the guest part.
- 2) Why did you make candied pumelo rind if you don't know what it's for?
- 3) I am pleased muchly that you have a good life. You are deserving of a good life.
- 4) Bugger your stupid dignified silence. I spill, don't I? (Well, some.) Except the bits that would embarrass you. But I am hard to embarrass.
- 5) Tomorrow evening we will be in island paradise.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 05:19:35 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

- 1) Well, yeah, but muffins are entertaining.

2) Because I had a pumelo! And it had all this lovely rind!

3) I have no idea how that happened. I just looked around one day and there it was. Including a wabbit and a harpy, free of charge.

4) You never tell us anything. EX: We had to deduce that Erik was on the way out from interstitial information. Fortunately for us all ,we are heap big profilers, and so have already forgotten his name.

Also, I was hanging out online playing WoW by 11:30. You heap big profiler. You do the math.

5) YAY! Highs of 83. Firstborn child offer stands.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 22 2007, 05:51:57 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

1) As are Guatemalan buns. Huh. Okay, you pretty smart after all.

2) Also full of nutty goodness. With extra nuttiness.

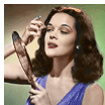
3) We are not free! Is monthly fee! We take out in teasing and harrassment about dates! Read contract!

4) Well, obviously, I didn't HAVE to tell you that, did I? Why tell you things you already know?

But I told you about the bit with the car with the 60/40 fold-down rear seats. And about the back porch at Mount Vernon.

Bet by 11:30 she was already asking herself what the hell was she thinking.

5) \*dignified refraining from Mrs. Chow jokes\*



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 22 2007, 05:53:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

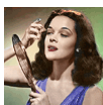
Note: #2 about you, not pumelo.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 15:02:06 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Mmm. And weren't you just eating the candied pumelo rind out of the bag? Mmmhmm. Yes you were.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 22 2007, 15:02:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Jammer + carbohydrate = OTP



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 22 2007, 05:57:30 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

3rd line of #4 was spozed to be what the hell was she thinking when she decided to go home. Open to misreading.

Luckily I am packed. May account for imprecision.

Oooh! Pretty word.




 [cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 14:54:26 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

I gotta say, the car thing, all I can imagine are the second-degree carpet burns.

(She did send me a thank-you note this morning. I will call her after the holidays and see if she wants to do it again sometime. Also possible I may have made new friend to cook for, which, you know, also fine. No worries.)



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:08:19 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

Awww, thank-you note! Thas very cool.

And it's true that given your prodigious (did I spell that right?) cooking chops, you need about three dozen more people to cook for. I shall continue to do my bit, however.

(Mmmmm, ginger...)



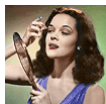
 [cvillette](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:13:16 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

If I could share my metabolism with you, I would.

I have decided I am just, you know, going to not stress the girlfriend thing. Not everything in my life has to be goal-oriented.\*

\*Just most of it.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 22 2007, 16:20:11 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

Duke seems to have that one figured, at least for hook-up values of figured.

Heee--other people in the terminal are confuuuused. Watch 'em. They see us, sit down in the next row of seats, open laptops. No signal. Huh? Huh.

Heeeeeeee! I am eeeeeeeevil!

L



[cvillette](#)

December 22 2007, 16:22:46 UTC

COLLAPSE

We should have offered to bring a box of cookies to San Diego Girl for him.

(mm. San Diego Girl.)

You are a tricky wabbit. And I will keep you. Not merely for the free everywhere internet, though it helps.

Okay, stop giggling. People will wonder what we're up to. (And yes, no matter how many times you do it, sitting next to somebody and IMing them = still funny.)

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[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here

anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet  
puppets. Scary.